

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and only the last few years have shown a marked improvement. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hattie's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They cure one hundred dollars for any case. It fails to cure. Send for literature and testimonials. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Address: E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Take Hattie's Family Pills for constipation.

Court's Acoustics Bad.
The acoustic properties of the courtrooms in London's new criminal courts building are so bad, it is said, that the other day a prisoner who had been sentenced to six months thought he had been sentenced to 12. He said to a warden: "One of the beaks gave me six months and another of 'em gave me six months before." Also, besides echoes, "reverberations" are complained of.

Pleased with the Prospect.
Her Suitor—I wish to marry your daughter, sir.
Her Father (sternly)—My daughter, sir, will continue under the parental roof.
Her Suitor—Well, sir, the parental roof looks good to me.

Krause's Cold Cure.
For cold in head, throat, chest or back. Best remedy for La Grippe. Druggists, 25c.

Work of Cupid in Germany.
The number of marriages in the German empire in 1905 was 485,906.

EVEN IF DISCOURAGED

TRY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR YOUR RHEUMATISM.

The Pills Have Cured the Disease in Almost Every Form and Even in Advanced Stages.

Rheumatism is a painful inflammation of the muscles or of the coverings of the joints and is sometimes accompanied by swelling. The pain is sharp and shooting and does not confine itself to any one part of the body, but after settling in one joint or muscle for a time, leaves it and passes on to another. The most dangerous tendency of the disease is to attack the heart. External applications may give relief from pain for a time but the disease cannot be cured until the blood is purified. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine for this purpose as their action is directly on the blood, making it rich, red and healthy. When the blood is pure there can be no rheumatism.

Mrs. Ellen A. Russell, of South Goff St., Ansburn, Me., says: "I had been sick for fifteen years from impure blood, brought on by overwork. My heart was weak and my hands colorless. I was troubled with indigestion and vomiting spells, which came on every few months. I had no appetite and used to have awful fainting spells, falling down when at my work. I frequently felt numb all over. My head ached continuously for five years.

"About two years ago I began to feel rheumatism in my joints, which became so lame I could hardly walk. My joints were swollen and pained me terribly.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me by a friend, after I had failed to get well from the doctor's treatment. When I began taking the pills, the rheumatism was at its worst. I had taken only a few boxes, when the headaches stopped and not long afterward I felt the pain in my joints becoming less and less, until there was none at all. The stiffness was gone and I have never had any return of the rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured such diseases as nervous and general debility, indigestion, nervous headache, neuralgia and even partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia. As a tonic for the blood and nerves they are unequalled.

A pamphlet on "Diseases of the Blood" and a copy of our diet book will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Prowiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

WET?

You may be able to get along without a

WATERPROOF SUIT OR SLICKER

But can you afford to? THESE GARMENTS ARE GUARANTEED WATERPROOF. LIGHT—COMFORTABLE—DURABLE. LOW IN PRICE.

SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS

A. J. TOWNE, CO. BOSTON, U.S.A.

TOWNE CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

The Kid Reporter's Big Beat

By J. A. PLOUFF

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The following news story appeared on December 15 in a Boston paper: Lying in his heart's blood, dead, Charles W. Bold, the famous lawyer of this city, was found dead in a corridor of his home by a servant girl at seven o'clock this morning.

The girl, Miss McGee, went to the second floor of the Bold mansion at that hour this morning and was horrified to see her master's body stretched at full length on the floor.

The coroner, after a cursory examination, announced that Mr. Bold had been dead for eight hours, and death was caused by a bullet wound.

A dispatch was sent to the police and Chief of Police Fitzgerald and Coroner Edwards were closeted together for an hour.

The servants have been in the service of the murdered man for years, and practically worshipped him, as he was always a kind and generous employer.

Miss McGee, who was the first person to see Mr. Bold this morning, made this statement to the police:

"About nine o'clock I heard the door-bell ring. Mr. Bold had given me orders not to answer the bell after nine o'clock as he was always in his room after that hour. There was an extension bell in his room which is on the second floor. Mr. Bold could hear the bell and would answer the call by going into the corridor to the speaking tube which went straight down to the front door.

"He could in this way speak to the visitor and if he desired could open the door by pressing an electric button.

"Well, I heard the bell ring and then I heard Mr. Bold's voice. I do not remember or could not distinguish what he said. Then I heard a noise as if he had closed the door of his room."

Coroner Edwards, in an interview, said:

"This is indeed one of the strangest cases I was ever concerned with."

"Robbery was not the motive of the assassin, because nothing is missing."

"The bullet entered between the eyes."

Mr. Bold was prominent as a criminal lawyer and he had prosecuted and defended some of the most dangerous criminals in this country. It is not unlikely that some felon whom he has prosecuted in the past is at the bottom of this affair."

When nine days had elapsed after the murder Billy Spade, cub reporter on the Telegram, was struck with an idea which he decided to develop.

He went to the city editor and asked for a week's vacation. The week off was granted, and Billy set out to work up his idea. He was a youngster in the newspaper field, and he wanted that \$5,000 reward.

Billy was intimately acquainted with a nice little girl named Emma. So Emma was an incentive, and Billy's wits were soon working.

Officer McGuire, who was on the Beacon Hill beat the night Mr. Bold was shot, fell into Billy's path as the first step in the idea.

Officer McGuire knew Billy and answered his question good-naturedly.

"Billy, me boy, there was no suspicious looking characters round here that night. There was a guy what went up to the house between nine and ten, but he wasn't there more than three minutes. He seemed to be talkin' to somebody in the speakin' tube. Then he walked away. Nobody else went near the front of the house all night, an' let me tell ye, I'm onto me job."

Billy then went to the Bold house and introduced himself to Miss McGee. She escorted him upstairs and showed him where she found Mr. Bold.

Billy went downstairs and examined the door, door-bell and speaking tube.

Then he started on a run for the Telegram office. On reaching that busy place he jumped for the newspaper files. Finding what he wanted, he ran to the telephone booth. Then out of the office again, this time going to police headquarters. Back to the Telegram office and Billy and the city editor were at once engaged in an excited dialogue, the city editor waving his arms excitedly and Billy talking all the while like mad.

He was pushed toward a typewriter, and with the city editor standing over him, Billy pounded away at the machine, writing the scoop of his life.

A half hour later newsboys were shouting the information that "The Bold Murder Mystery Solved! Exclusive Story in the Telegram!"

Under glaring cross-page headlines was the following story:

Spike Sullivan, thug and ex-convict, was arrested this afternoon charged with the murder of Charles W. Bold on the night of December 9th last.

This morning, Mr. Spade, a Telegram reporter, was detailed on the case and in 12 hours he has solved the mystery and furnished the police with the evidence that resulted in the arrest of Sullivan.

Sullivan was arrested about an hour ago and confesses his guilt. Sullivan was sentenced to state's prison ten years ago as a member of the so-called "Sewer gang" of criminals. Attorney Bold was district attorney at that time and he recommended the court to impose a long sentence ow-

ing to the many charges already pending against Sullivan. The latter was heard to say at the time that if he ever got out of jail alive he would "get even" with the prosecuting attorney.

Sullivan was released from confinement a month ago, and at that time the Telegram published the following story:

"Charlestown, Nov. 22.—(Special to the Telegram.)—Spike Sullivan was released from state's prison this morning after serving a sentence of ten years.

"Sullivan was visited by two Springfield gun manufacturers this morning after he had been released, and before he left the office of the institution. The men offered Sullivan \$25,000 for a gun called an 'air gun' of which Sullivan is the inventor. It appears that Sullivan was an adept mechanic, and during his stay at the prison was employed in the machine shop. At odd moments he tinkered on a strange looking contrivance which he was pleased to call his 'air gun'.

"About a year ago he finished his work and had the gun completed, although in rough form. He was apparently afraid lest somebody steal the result of his inventive genius as he guarded the gun closely and never allowed anyone to touch it.

"A week before his release he asked Warden Smith to give him a lead bullet and Sullivan placed it in the gun. Aiming at a pine plank, three inches thick, Sullivan pulled the trigger. No report was heard. Walking to the pine plank Warden Smith saw a hole that extended through the board. The bullet was found crushed against the wall.

"The Springfield gun manufacturers heard about the 'air gun,' and were present to negotiate with Sullivan for its purchase.

"Sullivan said he guessed he'd rather keep the gun for awhile, and on being pressed said he would not part with it for any figure.

"He left the prison a free man, carrying in a box his precious gun."

This article appeared in the Telegram, but little attention was accorded it then. Fortunately Mr. Spade has a faculty of remembering such little things.

He noted that Officer McGuire said that nobody excepting one man had been around the premises. This man was at the front door between nine and ten o'clock and spoke to some one in the house through the speaking tube.

He remembered that Miss McGee declared that she had heard no noise except that of a slamming door; and yet Mr. Bold's bedroom door was found open the next morning. He remembered that the bed had not been slept in. He concluded that some one on the lower veranda had called Mr. Bold to the speaking tube, and had then fired a revolver up the tube, the bullet striking Mr. Bold between the eyes. It was evident that when Mr. Bold fell to the floor beneath the mouthpiece of the speaking tube the noise made by coming in contact with the floor was that which made Miss McGee think it was the closing of a door.

But if a revolver was fired up the speaking tube somebody would have heard the report.

Then Mr. Spade remembered that Sullivan had threatened to get even with Mr. Bold. Also he remembered that Sullivan had been offered \$25,000 for an air gun, a gun that made absolutely no noise.

Mr. Spade concluded that Sullivan was in no financial position to turn down such an offer for a weapon unless he had some important reason.

Could it be possible that Sullivan wanted the gun to satisfy the vengeance he had been nursing for ten years?

Mr. Spade decided in the affirmative.

The rest was easy. Chief Fitzgerald was notified and two detectives brought Sullivan, who was found in a water-front bar-room, to police headquarters.

Sullivan, completely taken by surprise, confessed as follows:

"I went to the Bold house that night and rang the bell. I was near the tube, and in a few seconds I heard Bold's voice asking who was there; 'I shoved the barrel of my gun in the mouthpiece of the tube so that the curved end pointed up, and the tube being just the same as a long gun barrel. I pulled the trigger. I heard Bold drop to the floor above me. I was sure that no one got wise to me.

"I wasn't there more than two minutes. The next mornin' I read in the papers that he was dead and the cops were daffy. O, yes, I'm your man. But I'm insane. And take good care of the gun. But anyway, I've sold the patent rights for \$30,000, and I guess I'll be able to get a lawyer that will make you fellows hustle to prove I ain't insane. Why, only an insane man would chatter the way I'm doin'."

The next day Billy asked for and was given a month's leave of absence. He journeyed to Emma's home and showed her the check given to him by the Boston Bar association as a reward.

Now Emma is planning to spend it for furniture.

CAMPFIRE STORIES

PRISONERS, INDEED.

A Romance Amid the Orange Groves of Florida.

By W. H. Winslow, late Acting Master, United States Navy.

Black Point projects into the St. Johns river, Florida, like an index finger. It was heavily wooded, swampy in the interior, and sandy along shore. During the civil war it was a pest with a sting of rifle bullets for the United States naval men who ventured within range. The little gunboat in the channel occasionally swept its thickets and splintered its trees with hurtling grape-shot and bursting shell, but the confederate sharpshooters seemed to know when to crawl into their holes or to be absent at Gen. Finnegan's camp, five miles away, and out of range of naval guns.

An orange plantation lay along the river's bank above the point, and its golden fruit and the hospitality of the planter's family were much appreciated by the officers of the gunboat. An aged and feeble grandmother asked treatment by the ship's surgeon; the planter discussed water power and wind-mills with the chief engineer; the overseer dickered over exchange of fresh vegetables and fruit for ship supplies with the paymaster, and two beautiful daughters, Miss Hattie and Miss Sallie, arranged excursions along the river and parties on shipboard.

It happened one day that, musing upon their freedom from ship routine, the gracious hospitality of the plantation, and the charms of Miss Hattie and Miss Sallie, the two worthy officers rowed incautiously too near Black Point. They were suddenly aroused from reverie by a loud hail: "Heyah, yo' Yanks! Come ashore now, if yo' knows what's gude for yo'."

The startled officers saw a log on the shore of the point, and looked into

"A surgeon and an engineer?"
"Yes, Miss R—."

"They are my friends and must be liberated at once. Where is the general?"

"In the cabin, and the prisoner—"

with him."

Miss Hattie went with Capt. Pearson past the orderly at the door and entered the house unannounced.

"This is a great surprise, Miss Hattie," said the general. "You must have started before sunrise and ridden hard to arrive so early in camp. How are the members of your family?"

"Quite well, thank you, except grandma; she is in the care of an excellent physician from the gunboat, and now you have captured him and stopped his visits. I came to ask you to free him, sir."

The general smiled and pursed his lips to whistle, and the doctor blushed at his compliment.

"Anything in the Articles of War about such a case, Capt. Pearson?" asked the general.

"Not that I ever read," replied the captain, grinning.

"There should be—there must be!" cried the fair lady, decidedly, petulantly, while tears came into the lady's pretty eyes and the general coughed uneasily.

"Gen. Finnegan," suddenly exclaimed Capt. Pearson, "those gentlemen should be set free at once. If you will remember, yesterday forenoon, when they were captured, we had a flag of truce out from Gen. Hatch, at Jacksonville, for exchange of prisoners. During that truce, which ended at noon, all hostile measures between us and the enemy were, or ought to have been, suspended. These officers were captured about ten o'clock, and were therefore under the protection of the white flag. We should set them free and give them safe conduct back to their ship."

Miss Hattie clapped her hands in ecstasy. The naval men seemed bewildered. Gen. Finnegan was dumb with astonishment, and secretly rejoiced at the turn of affairs. When he had recovered from his surprise, he said: "Captain, you are right. We must respect the truce that prevailed. Gentlemen, you are free. No one shall say a confederate officer ever wilfully vio-

Pe-ru-na Relieves Spring Catarrh.



MISS DORA HAYDEN.

"Without hesitation I write to thank you for the great relief I have found in your valuable medicine, Peruna, and will call the attention of all my friends suffering with catarrh to that fact. Besides I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering with catarrh in any form."—Miss Dora Hayden, 819 6th St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

A Case of Spring Catarrh.

Mrs. N. P. Lawler, 423 1/2 N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kan., writes: "Last spring I caught a severe cold, which developed into a serious case of catarrh. I felt weak and sick, and could neither eat nor sleep well."

"A member of our club who had been cured of catarrh through the use of Peruna advised me to try it, and I did so at once. I expected help, but nothing like the wonderful change for the better I observed almost as soon as I started taking it. In three days I felt much better, and within two weeks I was in fine health. Peruna is a wonderful medicine."

ROARED HIS GENTLE REBUKE.

Mate's Wrath Found Vent in Peculiar Form of Reproach.

Rear Admiral Mead, who has just been retired, was talking one night at a dinner in Portsmouth about the power of discipline.

"In my youth," he said, "I knew a first mate in the merchant service who, though an excellent officer, was dreadfully profane. When anything went wrong he would volley forth oaths and curses in a shocking way. Once, though, he shipped with a very strict, religious captain, and the first time this captain chanced to witness one of the mate's swearing bouts he gave the young man a good dressing down. 'You are a first-rate officer,' he ended, 'but remember, no more swearing. Not another oath aboard my ship.'"

"Well, the mate bore the captain's warning in mind. Then one afternoon it happened that the boatswain made an inexcusable error in carrying out an order. When the boatswain confessed the fault he had committed the mate turned red with rage. He opened his mouth. Everybody looked at him expectantly, waiting to hear some remarkable oath, but just then the captain hove in sight. The mate, seeing the captain, remembered his orders about profanity. But his rage had to have a vent of some sort and, striding up close to the culprit, he roared in the man's face, 'You naughty, naughty boatswain!'"

STUDENT MADE HIS POINT.

No Doubt the Policeman Understood What He Meant.

W. H. Mallock, the well-known English writer and political economist, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of a new definition of socialism: "I find that definition rather confusing. It reminds me of the young Oxford student's badinage with the policeman. 'Officer,' said the youth late one night, 'I'd like to ask you a question.' 'Very well, sir.' 'Does the law permit me to call you an ass?' 'You move on,' the officer growled. 'But stop a bit,' continued the youth. 'Does the law permit me to call an ass a policeman?' 'The law don't say nothing about that,' was the gruff reply. 'Then,' said the youth, 'good-night, Mr. Policeman.'"

Cereal Crop Worth \$2,000,000,000. The United States cereal crop of 1906 aggregated 5,000,000,000 bushels, valued at \$2,000,000,000.

Help for St. Helena. The British government will devote \$20,000 to start the cultivation of New Zealand hemp in the island of St. Helena, the inhabitants of which have been reduced to practical destitution by the withdrawal of the British garrison.

Dogs Saved Many Persons. Dogs of the St. Bernard strain tracked out a number of the people buried under a snowslide at Galsenger, Norway, in which 13 persons perished. The animals dragged several of the victims to places of safety.

Stage Line Out of Date. After having been in commission for 66 years, the stage line between Westport and New Bedford, Mass., has been discontinued, having been usurped by the suburban trolley lines.

Have you taken any prisoners lately?" she asked, panting from the exertion of her rapid ride.

"Yes, Miss Hattie; Lieut. Bradley brought in yesterday two naval officers whom he had taken at Black Point," replied a staff officer, exultantly.

They must be set free.

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